

# Sophie Morrell



## BURLESQUE SONGS

Nº1. P. S. D.

Nº3. TASSELS ON THE BOOTS.

Nº5. ALFRED PRINCE THE BARBERS SON.



Nº2. UP IN A BALLOON.

Nº4. THE NEW MABEL WALTZ.

Nº6.

ST. LOUIS,

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# ALFRED PRINCE, THE BANKER'S SON OF WALLSTREET.

Words by Miss L. Garrison.

Music Arrgd. by A. von Rochow.

ALLEGRO.

Piano. *f*

1. v. I'm Al - fred Prince, the banker's son Who keeps the bank on Wall - street, He  
2. v. I drive the fast - est team I know, The bank - er's son of Wall - street, The

*p*

owns his mil - lions more than one, And, crac - ky, don't I think it fun To  
old man thinks it is no go, But that don't stop me, ah! no, no! For



*f* cut a dash with dad - dy's cash, While he plods down at Wall - street. I  
I so well can cut a swell, While he re - mains at Wall - street. I

cres:  
of - ten get up - on a spree, And spend my mo - ney ve - ry free; But  
sport white kids and curl my hair, And in the eyes of la - dies stare; But

cres:

no one e'er condemns the son of bank - er Prince of Wall - street.  
ev' - ry one smiles on the son of bank - er Prince of Wall - street.

SPOKEN after 1st verse.

The governor got wind of my spreeing one day, and says he: Alfred,  
my son, it really grieves me to see you so wild and reckless. Don't  
bring disgrace on my name, a name that has stood highest in honor,  
since I became the respected millionaire. "I bring disgrace on your  
name! no, impossible! Why, my dear paternal sire you must remember  
that every one is fully aware of the fact, that—



SPOKEN after 2d verse.

Jones, the poor seedy individual said to me not long ago: "Alf Prince, you've got more audacity and impertinence than any other man I know; why, if I were to stare at a girl, as you do, she'd snap fire and lightening at me out of her eyes, and the police would nab me for annoying the ladies." "Ah, said I complacently stroking my moustache, the Johnnies are acquainted with the capacity of my purse, and as for the girls, it would'nt do for the little dears to cut me, ah no, they like me too well, and I'll tell you why, just because—

CHORUS.

*mf* I'm Al-fred Prince the banker's son who keep the bank on Wall-street, He

*mf* owns his mil-lions more than one, And, crac-ky, don't I think it fun To cut a dash with

dad-dy's cash, While he plods down at Wall-street, While he plods down at Wall-street.

1926 = 4





3

Our house stands on Fifth Avenue,  
 One hour I lounge at Wallstreet;  
 Then to the billiard room I go,  
 And then lunch at Delmonico  
 And spend my cash, my diamonds flash,  
 While daddy's down at Wallstreet.  
 Then drive I round to Union square  
 To see the girls so sweet and fair,  
 And one sweet Miss throws many a kiss  
 To the banker's son of Wallstreet.

SPOKEN after 3<sup>th</sup> verse.

I made my girl a handsome present a few days since, a set of jewelry that called out the chinks, I'll tell you, \$800 cash down. The fellows saw me, when I bought it, and said to me, "What a lucky dog you are, Alf, so much lose cash always about you, pray where do you pick it up?" I turned about and straightened myself to reply in a manner suitable the deep importance of the subject: "Pick it up, gentlemen, I don't pick it up; Is it possible you have for the single space of a moment forgotten, that—

1926 24

4

To dine costs thirty dollars, pshaw!  
 I get my cash from Wallstreet;  
 Then to the opera I go,  
 And then I lounge an hour or so,  
 Then out again to drink champagne—  
 Ten dollars more from Wallstreet—  
 Then to the faro bank to play.  
 And squander hundreds there away,  
 But what of that, is not my dad  
 Rich banker Prince of Wallstreet!

SPOKEN after 4<sup>th</sup> verse.

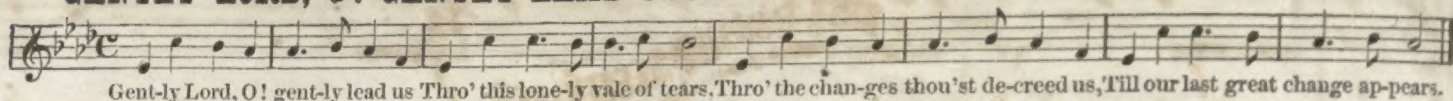
Last night at the faro bank I staked \$2000. on one card and lost, I asked Mr. Vanderbilt who happened to be present to loan me \$1000. more, which he instantly did. Every one looked astonished, and I heard the whisper going round, "Who is that young man?" I arose and said: "Gentlemen—



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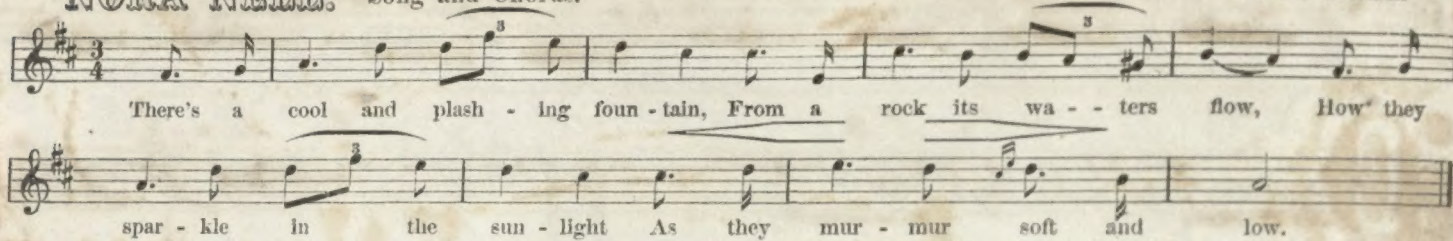
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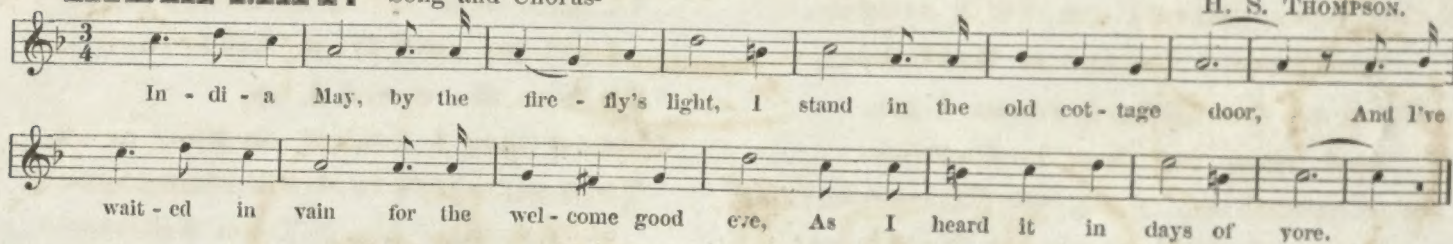
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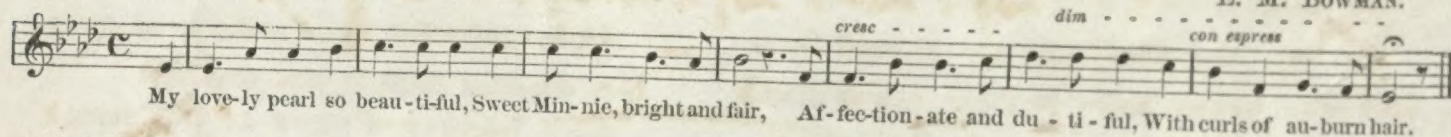
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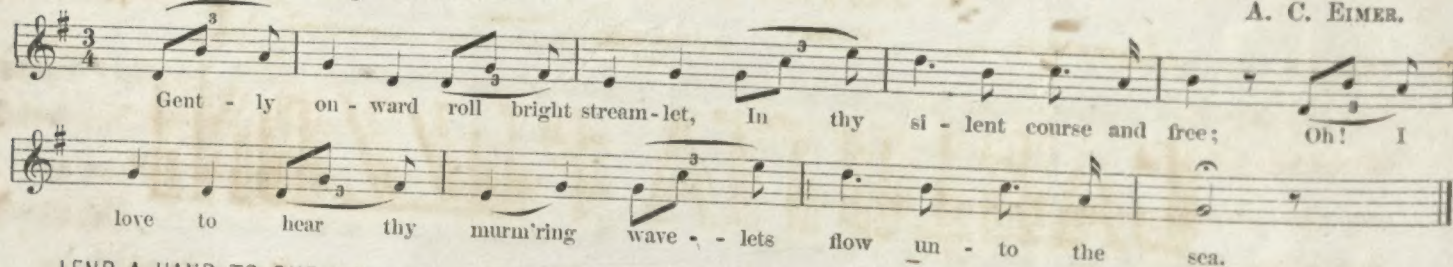
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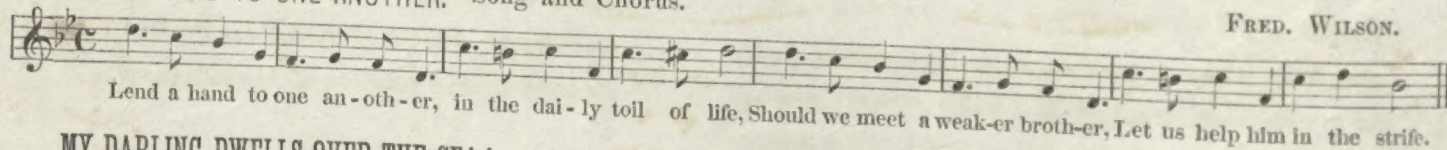
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A. C. EIMER.



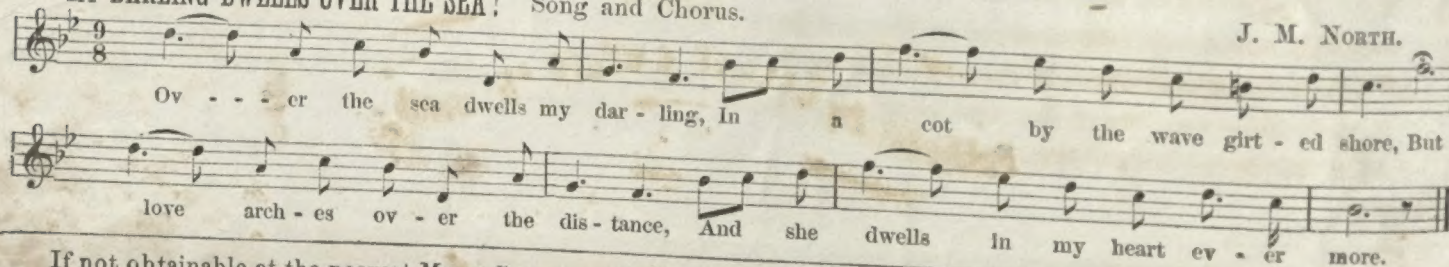
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FRED. WILSON.



## MY DARLING DWELLS OVER THE SEA! Song and Chorus.

J. M. NORTH.



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